Volume LVIII CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 7, 1907 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

SUCCESS.

The people have imagined a vain thing
Touching the old issues that are life: Success
Will still be reckoned in the more or less
Of riches, lands, or station; still we bring
Our homage to those paltry gods who fling
These paltrier favors round—to Custom, Dress,
To Etiquette, Discretion, Cleverness—
And still would smile if one once more should sing:
"Success is character, as riches are
In knowledge which no fire nor fraud can take;
The good man, conscious of the morning star,
Shall own all lands as lovely for his sake;
His station is with counsellors afar,
Who for eternal justice work and wake."

—*William Ellery Leonard in "Sonnets and Poems."*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII — THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1907 — NUMBER 23

THE MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN.

(Written after reading Dr. Van Dyke's "The Child in the Garden.")

When to the mountain of enfranchised soul
I came at length, and scanned its sunlit way,
No longer might I, like a child at play,
Rove listless where life's garden foot-hills roll.
Yet peak on peak so towered that pathless Whole,
It seemed some loftier power must with me stray,
And brace my heart, and be my strength and stay,
If ever I should gain that longed-for goal.

Then just above me I beheld a man
Whose face was luminous as morning sky,
Whose brow was freed from every earthly ban,
Whose arms, outstretched, allured me wistful nigh.
"Come up," he said, "and dare these heights with me;
I am the nobler man you yet shall be."

JAMES H. WEST.

A ministerial correspondent from Massachusetts writes:

"Dr. Selleck's book on 'The New Appreciation of the Bible,' in the East is producing quite a theological sensation in many quarters. A Methodist pastor, Rev. Mr. Spear, rushed into print with an adverse criticism, founded on the associated press review; while the Rev. O. E. Crooker, a neighboring Universalist pastor, in a Sunday discourse bestowed a calm, dignified, convincing reply. Keep us in touch with the best modern books and this will help us approximate the ideals of unity."

Many of the earlier readers of UNITY, the workers in the old days of the Post Office and Pamphlet Missions, will read with tender interest "The Sermon of a Beautiful Life," by our colleague, Richard W. Boynton, found in another column. Well did Mr. Wimbish, the inspired letter-writer, the tireless tract-distributor of the open faith, deserve the name of "an unspotted soul."

One of the most recent evidences of the benignant quality of manual training is a most exquisite bit of printing that comes to use from the Illinois Manual Training School at Glenwood. It is a book of selections, prose and poetry, drawn from masterful sources,—Van Dyke, Tennyson and others. The cover is embossed and the text is illuminated with clear initials, the whole making a most attractive "Souvenir," the making of which represents much cultural value.

We stand corrected as to the denominational relationship of the Rev. W. C. Selleck, author of "The New Appreciation of the Bible," recently commented upon as "one of the noble new books." Well, the book deserves no less the commendation given it, and we trust that the ministers, orthodox or liberal, will give it no less careful study because of the fact that the author is pastor of the Universalist Church of Providence rather than of the First Baptist Church, as the associated press dispatches misled us.

Judge Julian Mack, the benignant friend of the boys, writes:

"In my judgment, the Allendale Farm School, with Captain Bradley at its head, is doing the best work for dependent boys that is being done in this country. I do not even except the marvelous George Junior Republic, because Captain Bradley takes a much younger lot. * * * Living in simple cottages for ten each, with its own dining doom and family life, in place of the old-time congested institution, receiving the individualized love and care and interest of a good woman and real friend, forming a part of a community of fifty youngsters, united by the bond of cheerfulness and love that ever radiates from the captain."

This Allendale Farm is situated at Lake View, Ill., perhaps only an hour and a half ride from Chicago. Let those who affect an interest on sociology go and see. It will save the reading of many books and provide an escape from many errors and false estimates, which the books scarcely reach.

Before another issue of UNITY appears another Lincoln birthday will have been celebrated and the papers will teem with reports of the same. It is hard to differentiate a Lincoln day at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, where the blessed life is honored and commemorated three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. We must content ourselves in this issue with the re-printing of the "Recollections" of our friend, Jasper L. Douthit, which was first published in the columns of the *Christian Register* for October 11, 1906, appending thereto "A Marvelous Story" from the same pen, which was omitted from the original narrative in the *Christian Register* print. It is in connection with such great souls that the thoughtful and the susceptible are brought most consciously into the mysteries of the border land. The logic of the situation as well as the experiences of life in such presence seems to predicate the something nearer, more internal, and ever present, than that which the five senses can take note of or are subject to.

The coming of the Meads—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D.—to Chicago, is getting to be an annual event of much interest to a few people; it ought to be to many people. Their visit this year will reach from February 4 to 10, and they will be busy talking. On the morning of the 10th Mr. Mead will speak for Mr. Salter on "The United States and the United World,"

and at the same time it is hoped that Mrs. Mead will share the responsibilities of the Lincoln Centre platform with the Senior Editor of UNITY. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Hull House, Mr. and Mrs. Mead will address a meeting of the Chicago Peace Society, at which time officers for the coming year will be elected and other important business transacted. Chicago responds slowly to the invitations of Peace, but it is to be hoped that at this meeting new life will be quickened and fresh plans laid. This is the coming issue, the supreme problem in national and international politics.

Arrangements for a National Peace Congress, to be held in New York City April 14-17, are already well advanced and a tentative program is out. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is president, and he has promised to subscribe one-half the total expenses of the congress. The committee hope to be able to call on him for five or six thousand dollars. Here indeed is a noble challenge on the part of Mr. Carnegie, and the friends of Peace all over the country ought to make quick response. The Senior Editor of UNITY is a member of the executive committee and will be glad to receive any contribution to this fund and to acknowledge the same in the columns of UNITY. It is time that the great problems of disarmament and international arbitration should cease to be the rhetorical indulgence of leisure class philanthropists. Ladies and gentlemen, it is time now to take up a subscription for this fundamental necessity of our time, this highest expression of your religious faith. Let the baskets be passed.

The Christian Socialist movement in Chicago, under the leadership of E. E. Carr, J. O. Bentall and Oscar F. Donaldson, have, in connection with the publication of the above title, inaugurated what they call a "Fellowship Center" in the Masonic Temple at which on every Sunday afternoon regular church services are maintained. It is not the ambition of these brethren to establish a new denomination, but rather to promote an interdenominational propaganda that will influence all the churches and eventually become a part of the ministry of all churches. It is worthy of comment that with the widespread complaint of the decline of devotion and spiritual fervor in the denominational churches of the land, the obvious hesitancy of young men and women to enter into the work of the sectarian ministry as evidenced by the widely advertised poverty of the theological schools of the country in student material, there is a growing devoutness, a consecration to ideas, a true enthusiasm, a God-within spirit, manifested by those who champion the civic reforms of the day. The old fire of the camp-meeting and the prayer circle must be sought for today in the higher phases of the liberal movement,—the single tax, socialist,—and similar movements committed to social betterment, civic purity, and the enriching of the common life, the true commonwealth of today. Whatever socialism may be or do in the realm of practical politics and moral adjustment or readjustment (and time alone will discover this outcome), that on its spiritual side it reaches the impressiveness of a religious faith, the potency that comes from a sense of the divine, a passion for justice, no candid student of the movement can doubt. We will watch with interest the undertaking of these consecrated brethren and will rejoice in their effort to fulfill their motto,—"The Golden Rule against the Rule of Gold."

But there is a second reason why these volumes carry perennial interest and power, which is revealed in the preface to the second volume where the author frankly confesses the sermon character of these discourses, but as frankly proceeds to vindicate the dignity and literary supremacy of the sermon when its value is adequately appreciated and approximately embodied. James Martineau reached a double preeminence; he was a great preacher and also a great man of letters, and these eminences became one. It is refreshing to read: "I have always felt indignant with those preachers who, when they resort to the press, seem ashamed of their vocation, and disguise, under new shapes and names, the materials originally embodied in sermons."

Let the man who is careless of his pulpit work, and, still more, the pews who clamor for an "attractive" pulpit, a "popular" preacher, ponder upon these words:

> "I should as soon think of turning a sonnet into an epistle, a ballad into a review, or a dirge into an obituary. It must be a bad sermon that can be made into a good treatise or even a good 'oration.' In virtue of the close affinity, perhaps ultimate identity, of Religion and Poetry, preaching is essentially a lyric expression of the soul, an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations."

Perhaps one element of weakness in the modern pulpit, one secret of the peripatetic life of the preacher is found in the often ill-advised eagerness of young ministers to acquire the "art" of extempore speech. Mr. Martineau vindicates the sermon by distinguishing it from the "expositions of the lecture room, the commandments of the altar, and the casuistry of the confessional." He says:

> "Were this distinction duly apprehended there would be a less eager demand for extemporaneous preaching; which may be the vehicle of admirable disquisitions, convincing arguments, impressive speeches; but is as little likely to produce a genuine sermon as the practice of improvising to produce a great poem. * * * The faculty of fluent speech is no doubt worthy of cultivation for various civic and moral ends, but if it were once adopted as the instrument of preaching, I am persuaded that the pulpit would exercise a far lower, though perhaps a wider, influence; would be a powerful agent of theological discussion, of social criticism, of moral and political censorship, but would lose its noblest element of religion. The devout genius of England would have occasion deeply to lament a change, which would reduce to the same class with the newspaper article a form of composition enabling us to rank the names of Taylor, Barrow, Leighton, Butler with the poets and philosophers of our country. At all events, he who finds room under the conditions of the sermon to interest and engage his whole soul, would be guilty of affectation were he to disown the occasion which wakes up

his worthiest spirit, and which, however narrow when measured by the capacities of other men, is adequate to receive *his* best thoughts and aspirations. I am, therefore, well content to mingle with the crowd of sermonizers.''

We have left ourselves no room to speak of these classics of the spirit. We are content to gladly confess their immense influence upon the early ministry of this writer, as upon many others, who entered the pulpit thirty or more years ago. We read with tear-dimmed eyes the sentences that thrilled our youth, and they are as pregnant with freshness and power as ever. The discourses on "The Besetting God," "Mammon Worship," "Religion on False Pretences," the two on "The Kingdom of God Within Us," "The Strength of the Lonely," "Nothing Human Ever Dies," "Great Hopes for Great Souls," "Looking Up and Lifting Up," "The Single and the Evil Eye," and the two on "The Sphere of Silence," deserve a place in the affections of the cultured soul, alongside of Whittier's "My Psalm," "The Eternal Goodness," Emerson's "Threnody," Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and similar great "aids to high living." Indeed, it is the sermonic element in the writings of Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin that makes these writings such virile literature and gives to them a freshness that the mere literary critic will never discover. And it is the poetic element, the fine, high way of putting things in these sermons of Martineau, that gives them their classic quality.

Will this admirable new impression of the Longmans & Green house, of London and New York, find an adequate market, a new generation of readers? The answer to this question will test, not the quality of the book, but the temper of our day; the mental habit and spiritual strength of the young men and women who leave our colleges to become teachers, preachers, lawyers, fathers and mothers.

A Perennial Classic*

A new impression of James Martineau's "Endeavors" comes to hand in two beautiful, compact and clear volumes, and they come as an invitation to the devout life. It is as a call to prayer. They carry with them altar sanctities. The two volumes, which were put together forty years ago, have fallen apart again for the convenience of the reader and to the temptation of the book-buyer, but it is the same familiar page, the same tempting titles and the same atmosphere of lofty thought. The prefaces, which were written successively in 1843, 1847 and 1866, are unchanged and unweakened and still up to date.

This up-to-dateness is the first surprise that comes to us as we scan the familiar pages once more, and this is accounted for, first, by the fact that while the philosophy of religion, the theologies of faith, change year by year, the experiences of the heart, the humble spirit and the contrite soul, are the same under varying names and amid different surroundings.

These precious volumes of James Martineau belong on the same book-shelf that is to receive the writings of Tauler, Jeremy Taylor and à Kempis. The secret of their power and perennial youth is discovered by a reading of the frank prefaces, which are of themselves in the light of history, illuminating vindications of the oneness of religion, the synthesis of faith, the brotherhood of the devout life, however doctrine and interpretations may change. And we can find no richer editorial matter for the current columns of UNITY in the year 1907 than to let the still young James Martineau speak for us.

In the preface to his first series, written in 1843, he refers to the promise of seven years before in his "The Rationale of Religious Enquiry,"—his promise to give another volume in which he would attempt to answer the question—"What is Christianity?" This volumes comes instead, not as a fulfilment but "in temporary apology for its nonfulfilment." The author says:

''Of his reasons for withholding for a time that promised volume, this is not the proper place to speak at any length. A change in some of his views and the consciousness of immaturity in others, have certainly had a share of influence in producing the postponement. But it has been occasioned chiefly by his desire to lay aside for a while the polemical character, which necessity, not choice, has impressed upon his former writings; and which, until relieved by some task of higher spirit, misrepresents the order of his convictions—engaging him upon the outward form of religious belief, while silent of the inner heart of human life and faith.''

Who cannot but rejoice in this escape from changing form to abiding substance? The substance in this volume he takes to be true and good because they are recognized as such by the consciousness of all men. He tells us further that "they have not been produced as taskwork, but out of an earnest heart," and he hopes they may find a reader here and there.

The second series of "Endeavors After the Christian Life" appeared four years later, in 1847; and again, this is offered in lieu of the promised discussion of the "Ministry of Christ, or The Pauline Gospel," because "the hope of treating these subjects in a manner at all suitable still recedes into the distance."

''The materials indeed are not wholly unprovided, or I should not have ventured on the pledge which still waits to be redeemed; but a growing sense of their inadequacy makes me wonder that I could ever think them worthy of my readers' acceptance, and induces me to withhold them till the deficiencies can be in some measure supplied. Should the needful leisure never arrive, or should I finally esteem myself not qualified for the task to which, perhaps with presumptuous earnestness, I once aspired, I shall indeed regret my inconsiderate promise, but be clear of reproach for less considerate performance.''

In this volume Mr. Martineau ventures further explanation of the diversities of theology and the unity of faith. He says:

''The prevalent differences of belief on questions of theology have their secret foundation in different philosophies of religion, and these philosophies are the product of moral experience and self-scrutiny, so as always to reflect the conception of human nature most familiar to the disciple's mind. Hence, controversies apparently historical cannot be settled by appeal to history alone, nor metaphysical disputes by metaphysics only; but will utlimately resort for their answer to the sentiments and affections wakened in to predominant activity by the literature, the teachings and the social conditions of the age. No one can observe the changes of faith and the causes which determine them, without discovering that the order of

*"Endeavors After the Christian Life": Discourses by James Martineau, first and second series, new impression, two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York and Bombay. 1906.

fact reverses the order of theory; that the feelings of men must be changed in detail, their perceptions be awakened in fresh directions, their tastes be drawn by new admirations, before any reasoning can avail to establish an altered system of religious thought. Who can suppose that the different estimates made of the authority of scripture are really the result of historical research, and are simply so many varieties of critical judgment? Is it not obvious that the sacred writings are, in every case, allowed to retain precisely the residue of authority which, according to the believer's view of our nature and our life, is unsupplied from any other source? * * * I am not ashamed to confess that extensive and, in the end, systematic changes in the opinions I derived from sect and education have had no higher origin than self-examination and reflection—a more careful interrogation of that internal experience of which the superficial interpretation is so seductive to indolence and so prolific in error. And, possibly, a volume like the present, should it at all awaken in others the sentiments from which it proceeds in myself, may indirectly lead to the recognition, on their proper evidence of consciousness, of those very truths which, in a more systematic work, I could only aim to protect from the objections of philosophy and reconcile with the results of criticism."

In the "Preface to the Fourth Edition," here reproduced, written in 1866, twenty-three years after the appearance of the first volume, on the occasion of combining the two in one volume, he writes:

"It was not without uneasiness that I began to correct the proofs of this new edition. The twenty years which had elapsed since the sheets passed under my eye had been marked by momentous changes in theological feeling and belief, to which, in common with my contemporaries, I could not pretend to have been insensible. And it was natural to fear that a book produced at the other end of that interval, must now be out of date. I was relieved and surprised to find how little it had been thrown out of tune by the altered pitch of thought and sentiment; how much less indeed it has to apprehend today from any jar against the prevailing tone of religion than at the hour of its first appearance. It would have been far otherwise had it treated of subjects whose interests are critical or speculative, and which take new aspects with the shifting light. But appealing mainly to the simplest trusts and aspirations of the human heart, it is compensated for having nothing new upon its page, by having so much the less that is liable to grow old; and, while not pretending to trace any line of progress in religion, gains a little shelter from its permanence."

On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Ladylike Geometry

I. A straight line is the shortest distance between two millinery openings.

II. A straight line determined by two bargain tables is considered as prolonged both ways until the store closes.

III. A broken line is a series of successive straight lines described by a woman alighting from a street car.

IV. A mixed line is a line composing the reception committee of a club's presidential candidate.

V. A plain figure is one all points of which have been neglected by the dressmaker.

VI. Figures of the same shape don't always have the same style.

VII. Figures of the same size never consider themselves equivalent.

VIII. Women equal to the same thing are not always equal to each other.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Recollections of Lincoln

I have been asked for my personal memories of Abraham Lincoln. Shelbyville, where I live, was on his circuit when he practiced law in our courts. The road he travelled was by my father's house and my birthplace. The bodies of his father and good stepmother are buried in the adjoining county of Coles. In boyhood I saw him often in our old Virginia style of courthouse, Shelbyville. I have heard my father and others tell so many things about him that I feel as if I were well acquainted with him. The first distinct memory I have of him was on the occasion of his speech in the old courthouse, Shelbyville, in which he gave his reasons for breaking from the old Whig party and helping to organize the Free Soil, or Republican party. There was a very intense partisan spirit in those days in this vicinity, and the sympathy was nearly all with the South, so that an outspoken anti-slavery man was considered hardly human. At least that was the impression I received when a boy, though my mother always held that slavery was wrong. But people tolerated her views because they said she was only a tender-hearted woman and didn't understand politics. Politicians were accustomed to indulge in personal abuse and ridicule of their opponents, and so did lawyers in pleading in court. So that, when I went with my father, as a boy, to the courthouse to hear political speeches or the pleadings of lawyers, I always expected to hear them hurl denunciation and abuse at their opponents. But on that day, when Lincoln gave his reasons for leaving the Whig party, I witnessed a very different scene. I was surprised at the very pleasant manner and kindly spirit in which Mr. Lincoln treated his opponents. As I remember him now, he stood alone that day as he spoke frankly and good naturedly to a crowded house of angry men, many of them.

While he spoke, some who had been his associates in the Whig party grew furious, interrupted his speech, and hurled abusive epithets at him. I wondered that he took it all so calmly and so self-controlled, and at the same time kept on, firmly speaking his convictions. When he first rose to speak I thought he was ugly and ungainly; but, the longer he spoke, the taller and more beautiful he appeared to me. His face did shine as if transfigured. I don't remember any words he spoke then, I only know he bore testimony against slavery; but I shall never forget how he looked and the manner in which he spoke—how patient he was toward his cross critics! I went home and told mother that I had heard a lawyer and a politician speak without talking cross or abusing anybody. I had never witnessed the like before in my life.

I will relate that which I have heard so often from parties who witnessed it that I have come to feel almost as if I were present, though I was not. It was the first time Lincoln came to Shelbyville to make a speech after the organization of the Republican party. I think it must have been after the above scene in the courthouse. There were only about half a dozen persons in Shelbyville and vicinity who called themselves Republican. They invited Lincoln to come to Shelbyville and make a speech, and advertised him to speak in the courthouse. Lincoln came at the appointed time, of course. Most of his old partisan friends turned the cold shoulder and said they would not go to hear him. As the hour approached, it seemed as if there would be scarcely anyone present. Then a

few of the friends went to Lincoln and said: "Let us not try to hold any meeting at the courthouse this time, but just have a little quiet caucus in the back room of Mr. B.'s shoe shop." To which Lincoln promptly replied: "Oh, we must go into the courthouse according to appointment, no matter how few may come. We must not seem ashamed of our principles. They should be proclaimed from the housetops all over the nation." And so Lincoln spoke at the courthouse, and those who heard him will never forget that speech.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln and heard him speak was during the famous debates in Illinois between him and Senator Douglas, during 1858. He spoke in a circus tent at Hillsboro, Ill. I see him now as he walked into the tent at the further end from where I was seated. His trousers were baggy at the knees and he looked like some ungainly giant. A crowd was around him, but he seemed a head taller than the rest. He and Douglas didn't meet to debate there. Douglas came a few days before and made his speech to an immense crowd out in a grove, for the weather was fair. But the day appointed for Lincoln threatened rain, so that the circus tent was engaged for him. He hadn't spoken but a little while till the rain poured down in torrents and drove the people off their seats to stand close around the speaker's stand in the middle of the tent arena. Someone suggested that they stop the meeting till the rain was over, but the crowd cried: "Oh, no! Go on, go on!" Lincoln did "go on" for nearly two hours, and the people kept crowding closer and closer to him as if they were hypnotized. As when I first heard him in the courthouse at Shelbyville, Mr. Lincoln seemed to me to grow taller and his face became more radiant the longer he spoke. I was again deeply impressed with his good humor and fairness to opponents. I remember what he said of Senator Douglas's theory of "Popular Sovereignty"; that is, the right of the people to vote slavery up or down in the territories. "The fact is," said Lincoln, "Judge Douglas' theory of popular sovereignty seems to me about as thin as the soup made from the shadow of a starved pigeon."

In that same speech I remember him saying: "There is an honest old man down in Georgia by the name of Toombs. He boasts that he will call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument. Dear Fellow, he little knows the temper of the Northern people upon the subject of slavery, or he'd never make such a boast as that." Up to the time I heard that speech of Mr. Lincoln I had been a Douglas Democrat, though opposed to slavery and an advocate of total abstinence. But, when Senator Douglas spoke in Hillsboro, I saw him sadly under the influence of liquor. They made a banquet for him at night where wine and whisky flowed shamefully. When Lincoln came, his friends proposed a banquet for him, and were going to have liquors. But Lincoln protested. He said his friends would please him best if they furnished no drinks that would intoxicate, and they obeyed him.

From that time on I was a convert to Lincoln, and would have died in his stead. I wept at his death as if it had been my dearest, best friend on earth. Then I solemnly vowed that I would henceforth live to keep his memory green, taking for my motto his memorable words, "With malice toward none and charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work that is given us to do." I have meant to keep this motto at the head column of *Our Best Words* for nearly twenty years.

A MARVELOUS STORY.

Mr. Henry C. Carpenter was an honest, sober and industrious old farmer and a member of my congregation in Shelbyville. He told me of his very marvelous experience the night Lincoln was assassinated. Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Lincoln were near neighbors when the latter first came to Illinois, near Decatur in the county of Macoupin, adjoining Shelby. As young men they broke prairie together, one driving the oxen while the other held the great plow that cut the roots and turned over the sod of the primitive prairie grass. Though Mr. Carpenter was a Democrat in politics, yet he was ever a loyal friend to "honest old Abe," as he called him. At the time of Lincoln's cruel taking off, Mr. Carpenter lived on the prairie away from any railroad or telegraph line, a dozen miles from Shelbyville. On the night of that assassination Mr. Carpenter while asleep at his home dreamed that he saw President Lincoln shot and blood running from the wound. It so distressed him that he arose and walked the floor. He wakened his wife and told her his dream. "Pooh! pooh!" the wife replied. "You've eaten something for supper that has given you the nightmare. Come back to bed, and go to sleep." Then, he slept and dreamed again the same bloody scene. He awoke still more distressed and begged his wife to get him a little breakfast that he might ride horseback to Shelbyville, a dozen miles away, and see what had happened to "Honest Abe." When he got to Shelbyville he learned that Lincoln had been assassinated that night as he had seen in his dream.

I give you this incident just as Mr. Carpenter related it to me repeatedly and he was the last man anyone would have suspected of superstition. I do not pretend to explain this remarkable experience of Mr. Carpenter. It is clearly a case for the Scientific Society of Psychical Research.

You will be interested to know that Mr. Carpenter was a most generous helper in my mission work. Once, about fifteen years ago, when Our Best Words was on trial for its life, "Uncle Henry" stepped into my office one day and handed me a check for a hundred dollars, saying: "Here, Brother Douthit, take this, and know that I stand ready to give you another hundred rather than to allow saloon partisans to starve you out." And he was not a rich man, either. When I began the enterprise at Lithia Springs, the dear old man was among the first of about a dozen tenants of the ground, and he stood most loyally and generously by me till a few years ago he was called to join the cloud of heavenly witnesses. He imbibed much of his temperance principles and love of religious freedom from Abraham Lincoln. JASPER L. DOUTHIT.

Lithia Springs, Shelby Co., Ill., January, 1907.

A Thought from Carlyle

Out of wild chaos and disordered night
From shapeless masses which through space were hurled,
Slowly God shaped this fair and wondrous world,
Filled now with forms of beauty and delight,
Each perfect far beyond our human sight.
Infinite Art the crested wave has curled,
And tiny floweret from its sheath unfurled,
While sun and moon on all shed glorious light.
Yet no hap-hazard beauty finds a place
Where all is ordered by unchanging law;
God's Thought works ceaselessly through time and space
To make all perfect without speck or flaw.
He works with God, who in the slightest thing
Order from chaos by his toil would bring.

—*E. C. F.*

THE PULPIT

An Unspotted Soul

SERMON IN MEMORY OF ANDERSON HILL WIMBISH, PREACHED IN UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINN., ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1907, BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. James I, 27.

It has long been my feeling that much of the best preaching that is done in this church, or in any church, is done by the quiet, unobtrusive presence here from Sunday to Sunday of those men and women who have sought through a long course of years and under a variety of leadership and of inspiration to live the best life of which they are capable. There are always, in every church, such saints of the household of faith whose lives bear more eloquent and convincing testimony to the gospel that they profess than anything which could be spoken from the pulpit. In them we learn to read the true meaning of the faith to which they give their adherence. And if the professional expounders of that faith should ever grow narrow or obscure in their verbal interpretation of it, we have the great comfort of watching how it works out in the practical life of its professors, to use the old term for church members. It is a singular thing, too, that no matter what may be the form of faith that is accepted by one of these true children of light as most reasonable and satisfying intellectually, the result in actual life is very much the same with all of them. In beholding them, we are enabled to pass from religion in its changing forms to religion in its external essence. The accidents of dogmatic belief fall back into their due subordination, and the realities of character and of spirituality come forward to their central place.

It is of the example of such an unspotted soul that I wish today to speak. Most of you remember with affection the somewhat odd figure of a slight, elderly man, distinguished outwardly by the fact that he invariably wore a long scarf twisted around his neck, even after he had come in from out doors, who in the old church, and only once or twice in this new one, came to sit in a front pew at my right hand. He had been an attendant here from the time a small group of people of liberal sympathies in religion began holding services in Knauft's Hall on East Seventh street, in 1872, which resulted in the calling of Rev. John R. Effinger as minister, and the organizing of Unity Church. No one was more regular in attendance, while his strength held out, than Mr. Wimbish, and no one drank in the weekly sermons with more evident relish and enjoyment. This church meant to him a great emancipation of his soul and a wonderful expansion of his life. And he was not only deeply grateful for what it had done and was doing for him, but he was ever ready to do in return all that lay in his power to advance its interests or further its cause. Personally, I count my acquaintance with him, extending a little over six years, as one of the most real delights of my whole ministry. Some of the good that his simple, honest, humble life has brought to me, through its silent preaching of the gospel that he loved, I hope to pass on to you.

It is easier to do this with satisfaction because in the comparative leisure of the last few years Mr. Wimbish had composed a short autobiography, covering about 175 pages of square letter paper, in which he had set down most of the important facts of his career. Parts of this he used to read to near friends who called to see him, and it is my impression that he hoped to have the work published in some form. At least, one day when he was already weak, he tottered over to my house with a square green paper box under his arm, containing his precious manuscript, and contrived to make me know through his broken speech that he wanted somehow to share his treasure with the world. He was a man of true modesty, and I think hardly knew how to accomplish his desire. Perhaps it can be in part accomplished for him in the use which I shall make of the written record in setting his life story before you now.

Anderson Hill Wimbish was born in Upon county, Georgia, July 10, 1826, one of the younger of twelve children, six boys and six girls, of whom all but two grew to maturity and were married. The quiet humor of the man comes out in the passage about his family, with which the autobiography begins. "My mother," he says, "often told me when a child that I was descended from the world renowned family of Adam and Eve, and since maturity I have often been told that my ancestry extends several thousand generations farther back. My ancient ancestors were said to be very bright and cunning and very excellent climbers and jumpers. The Wimbish family are a very important family—important because they are all God's children, and all belong to the great human brotherhood. They have lived in the Southern States for many, many years. I have never heard of one of them living north of Mason and Dixon's line except myself. If they have ever distinguished themselves, I have never heard of it. I have never heard of a president, a pope, a chief justice, a millionaire, a pauper, a pickpocket or a cut-throat of that name. So far as my knowledge goes, they are quiet, orderly, prosperous citizens, sprinkled in to some extent with farmers and ministers."

The father was one of the ministers, a Methodist circuit rider, especially in demand for revivals, though as his family grew he settled down as farmer and schoolmaster, but continued to serve as local or occasional preacher until he died. The mother—we can imagine what were her cares—remained in the son's memory chiefly for the sweetness of her conversation and her singing, while her brood stood around her knees, "each feeling that the nearest to mother was the dearest and most honored spot," as her son in his old age beautifully says of her, adding, "And in the many, many years that have elapsed since then I have never heard any music so sweet or so soulful as her voice was to me." So some of the inner sweetness of this good man's life was sung into it back there in the Methodist parsonage by his mother's voice, singing without a doubt the Wesley hymns.

His education was extremely limited, so far as schooling went. He says, "I never went to school a day in my life except to my father," and then goes on to explain that in order to eke out his income the elder Wimbish taught for some years an independent school in the simpler branches. In later years our Mr. Wimbish was a diligent reader, in the time that he could spare for it. He names only scientific writers, —Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall,—as those who had helped him, but he must have read qauntities of Unitarian and other liberal sermons, and for many years the *Christian Register* each week. He testifies to having "been led into a vaster and more glorious

universe by reading the works of liberal religious authors."

The unconscious education, which is the unsuspected joy of being a boy, not realized until we look on it from manhood, was his in full measure. There are pages of delightful reminiscence of his father's peach orchard and horse lot, of his brothers and their dogs, of fishing and rabbit hunting and corn shucking, and of the negro slaves of the house, for which I have no time to pause. The home was for some years in Alabama, and when Anderson was about eighteen years old the father and mother, with several married sons and daughters and all their families removed to Louisiana. It was a difficult journey overland for half of the party who went that way, while the others went around by water and arrived several weeks sooner. When the younger son, whose story we are following, was twenty-one, he left his father, who, he says, "could not in any proper use of language be called a worldly-wise man," with nothing but his own intelligence and strength to sustain him. An early and severe attack of scarlet fever had made him puny from childhood, and it was perhaps the saving of his life that he found in his employer's wife a motherly woman who first taught him how to care for his health. The advice that she then gave he always afterward followed, and sums it up as, "Act naturally, take plenty of fresh air, exercise every organ of the body and especially the weak ones, and get your medicine not from the drug store but from the dining table." By obedience to that simple formula of good sense the weakly boy who "was not strong enough to measure a lady's purchase of dry goods over the counter without stopping to rest" became a reasonably strong man and lived on into his eighty-first year.

About five years after this start for himself the young man returned to Alabama and engaged with a partner in the job printing business. This proved to be the most successful enterprise of his life, and it was his brave sacrifice of his material interests from loyalty to conviction that alone brought him to us and gave his life a later richness that was little forecast in its beginnings. Within ten years from 1852, when the venture was made, the business had become important enough, with two additional partners, men of some political influence to secure the contract for the state printing. Then, as events hurried the Southern Confederacy into its ill-starred existence, the firm of Barrett, Wimbish & Co. did also the printing for the Confederacy, in the few months before the capital of that lost cause was removed from Montgomery, Ala., to Richmond, Va.

But an event of great significance to the subject of our history had meanwhile taken place. Miss Elizabeth Jamison, a young woman from New Jersey, the ninth of a family of twelve, six boys and six girls, had come to Montgomery on a visit, and it transpired that she and the young printer, as he tells it, "found that our thoughts and purposes ran so parallel that we decided to unite our destinies for life." The union lasted until Mrs. Wimbish's death in 1904, or three years short of half a century. Mrs. Wimbish was a devout Baptist, and remained so to the day of her death. Mr. Wimbish began as an evangelical believer, but developed in thought into, as he expressed it, "a Unitarian in the broadest sense of the word." That stationariness on her part and movement on his became the means of bringing out a lovely and perfect tolerance in each. Intellectually, their ways grew to be sharply divided; he shared almost none of her peculiar beliefs, and she almost none of his. Yet in heart and spirit they were wholly one. I remember one call at their house, near the end of her life, when they sat together in their little room, the room that her years of invalidism permitted her to leave but seldom, with great peace and content in their faces, and told me how in spite of weakness and narrow circumstances they rejoiced in their life and in the riches of love and friendship that had come to them in it. There is on record an inscription for their tombstone which the husband prepared after, or it may have been before, his wife's death, which illustrates as well as anything could that the completeness of his desire to do perfect justice to her thought, though it was no longer his. The stone was to be divided in the middle, and on one side was to be inscribed his name, with the dates of his birth and death, and under it these words, "His God—The All in One and One in All. His kin—All that have life. His religion—Love. His death and resurrection—The perpetual change in the form of life. His hell or heaven—His conscious relationship to right." On the other side, below his wife's name and the dates that told the tale of her years, was to be inscribed this, "Her hope for everlasting happiness—The merits of her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." Surely not a whole Parliament of Religion could be more significant of the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace!

And now we come to the one splendid heroism of this man's life. Let us have it in his own words. "After the battle of Bull Run, a blank book was opened in the city clerk's office at Montgomery, and on the head of each page was written in substance as follows: I do hereby pledge my life, my fortune and my sacred honor to support the Southern Confederacy, etc., etc., etc. In the newspapers was a request that all citizens loyal to the Confederacy sign the pledge. The citizens rushed to sign it. A few did not sign it, and were therefore looked upon with suspicion. I was one of the few. Things grew warmer and warmer. Soon a citizens' meeting was called and a committee of twenty-four, termed a vigilance committee, was appointed to look into all that pertained to the safety of the country. My partner * * * was one of that committee. Among their special duties was to see all citizens who had not signed the above pledge and know why they had not signed it, and do to them whatever in their judgment was proper. I attended the meeting, and then and there resolved to leave at once. * * * I proceeded home and unbosomed myself to my wife, who was suffering severely with a sprained ankle, and told her we must leave at once at whatever sacrifice. Her reply was, 'Mr. Wimbish, you were born and raised South, and all your friends and all your interests are here. Couldn't you reconcile it to your conscience to take the oath?' I replied, 'Do you want me to swear to a lie?' 'No!' said she, 'rather than that I will go with you to the ends of the earth, and your fate shall be my fate. If you starve, I will starve with you.'"

She proved herself a Ruth where the reaping and the gleaning promised to be those of cruel war instead of smiling peace. So the two went forth, not knowing whither they went, except that it was in obedience to that "mark of everlasting light" set up "above the howling senses' ebb and flow, To cheer (us) and to right (us) if (we) roam." The interest in the prosperous printing establishment, estimated to be worth to his partner some $10,000, was hastily disposed of for $1,800, which with debts deducted became $1,400. The little household things were sold or given away, and the man and his wife, with her sprained ankle,

entered an omnibus with their three trunks following on a baggage wagon, dumbly prophetic of his future calling. They were followed as far as Nashville, Tenn., by two of the Vigilance Committee, showing that their danger was not merely imaginary, but got safely through the Union lines to Louisville with a trainload of other fugitives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wimbish lived for a number of months at her former home in New Jersey, and he then spent the spring and summer of 1862 in Louisville again, looking for work and observing conditions in the heat of the early excitement of the war. He writes from Chicago on July 11 of that year an interesting description of that growing and important but still crude and straggling city. Mrs. Wimbish had entered upon her long career of invalidism, evidently, for he mentions hearing of St. Paul "in the highest terms as regards health, but some are doubtful of it as a place of business." Four days later he is himself in St. Paul, having spent thirty-five hours on the road, as he puts it, probably meaning more than half of it on the river. His first reference to the place is not respectful. "St. Paul," he writes to her, "is what might be termed a second class, one horse city." But he admires the site, with the high bluffs rising above the river, and is told by the inhabitants that it is "the healthiest place in the world." Later we read of their conclusion "that health was the most important consideration in life, and both of us being in bad health and the reputation of St. Paul being at a premium for health," they came here, arriving at about the time of the Sioux massacre, in August, 1862.

Mr. Wimbish soon found employment as mailing clerk for the St. Paul *Pioneer Press,* a position that he held for almost thirty years. His work was at night, and having, as he says, "much leisure in the daytime," he started a private city express. His advertising card, of which he preserves a copy, shows his conscientious care in small details. "My passenger wagons are substantial and strong, while their springs and cushions are such as to make them among the easiest riding carriages in the city. My furniture wagon was made for me to a special pattern furnished by myself, having a large platform on easy springs, so as to take large loads without damage. My horses are perfectly quiet and gentle, and yet capable of making good time when necessary." Evidently he felt something of the joy of the artist in his work. And that it was not merely tiresome drudgery is plain from what follows: "There were many very enjoyable things connected with this occupation. I often came in contact with children, which as a rule gave me much pleasure, and in the summer driving in the fresh air and meeting my patrons on kindly social relations was very invigorating to me. I spent many hours picnicking and flower hunting with families and friends who took me in as one of them." One of those who used to ride with him spoke of him as not an ordinary driver, but "a friend in the carriage," and such he was. Emerson gives the true definition of the scholar as the "man thinking." To keep one's manhood upright and simple and unspoiled, in whatever relation of life, is surely the principal thing. This was the "man driving," and he put into that humble toil the same strong sense and high conscientiousness that went into everything he did.

There is one pathetic entry in this life record which tells of the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Wimbish, a boy who came and went on the same June day of 1863. "We have long since ceased to weep for him," the father writes. "For how know we whether he would have taken to ways of wisdom or of folly? But we have not ceased to regret that we did not adopt one or more to fill the aching void his absence left, and also compel us to practise disinterested love and helpfulness, which might have raised us to a higher plane as well as benefited the children." Some of that disinterested love could not help coming out along the way, as some children, now grown up, have cause to remember.

It might, perhaps, have been expected that I should have dwelt more in this sermon on Mr. Wimbish's religious belief and practice. I hope that his practice has been somewhat brought out,—his simplicity and sincerity of thought and aim, his rare conscientiousness, and a tenderness equally rare, extending as it did not only to other people and to children, but to the lower animals. He was a true lover of all sentient things, and never would let one suffer if he could help it. And he had an inner life of his own,—a beholding him who is invisible,—out of which all this mercy and kindliness and justice flowed forth, as from a living spring.

The record tells us of his early struggles in thought, which left a permanent mark in his mind. He was converted at a revival, and worked earnestly to convert others. He became a deacon in a Campbellite or Disciples' church in Louisville, and mentions as a blunder one characteristic act. A number of slaves belonging to members of the congregation sat in the rear, and having read "scriptures bearing on the equality of all God's children," he was, as he says, "stupid enough to put it in practice." He passed the communion bread and wine to the negroes after the white people had partaken, and afterwards passed them to the minister. The effect was a coolness in the congregation that could be felt, and having been remonstrated with, the "mistake" was not repeated! During his last years in the South he was a member, with his wife, of the Baptist Church, but not long after coming to St. Paul he became interested in the liberal services held by the Universalists and Unitarians, and connected himself with Unity Church from its organization.

The coming to St. Paul of Rev. W. C. Gannett was to Mr. Wimbish, as to the church as a whole, the entrance into a new and larger life. Mr. Gannett was here only six years, but the impress of his personality is still upon the church and on all who knew him and felt his power. To Mr. Wimbish, Mr. Gannett became his ideal man. He once said to me, "I divide all mankind into two classes; I put Mr. Gannett in one, and all the rest into the other." And if he received more than he felt he could estimate from this pastor and friend, he also had much to give. Mr. Gannett has lately written of him, "He stands out very distinctly in my St. Paul memories as one of the truest and best of the men I knew there,—a real thinker, a real soul, a real lover and discerner of goodness in the universe, and not least in animals." And again, "How he delighted in his conception of God and the universe, and in his own way,—but it was a very broad and noble way,—'practised the presence of God!' Few of my correspondents put so much 'religiousness' into their letters as he used to. I am glad I have known him and loved him,—and glad that he loved me."

To that last, I am sure that the other ministers who have served this congregation could each in some special way add their Amen. During Mr. Crothers's ministry, Mr. Wimbish, having then given up his position with the *Pioneer Press,* was made secretary of the Post Office Mission of Unity Church. He took peculiar delight in the work of sending out sermons

and receiving and answering letters about the Unitarian belief. He says that he read carefully a copy of every tract or sermon sent out, and received hundreds of letters expressing the gratitude of recipients. "During all the time that I had that office," he writes, "I felt that I had rather fill it than fill the presidential chair. For I felt that I was filling my highest possible destiny on earth, viz., feeding starving souls on the bread of life." This congenial task occupied him for seven years, from 1890 to 1897, when it was relinquished owing to the increasing burden of his years. In 1902 he was made, by the action of the church, a life member of the American Unitarian Association, and the framed certificate of his membership was a constant pleasure to him.

I do not know how to speak at all adequately of the inmost soul of this man, with its "practice of the presence of God." But I know that his conception of God, "the One in All and the All in One," as he usually phrased it, was the constant occupation of his thoughts. That phrase was the one which most often came to his lips even after his speech was broken, and his sentences would no longer complete themselves. He rose from his bed once, in recent weeks, to write in a cramped hand on a slip of paper this—"What is the perpetual and only miracle? A God." His faith was that of science, in an all-pervading and all-sustaining Power, which he warmed by his religious mysticism into a sweet and holy Presence. Aspiration toward this sum of all perfections was the breath of his life, as right relations with his fellow-men was the aim of his practice. Writing to a friend, he asks, "How do I feel religiously on the second quarter of my seventy-eighth year? I feel more and more that God is the aggregate of all that exists; that there is an enormous amount of evil in existence, but that evil is a necessary part of good. Being a part of God, I must exist forever, and my form of existence will be the best possible to what I am. But right here I enter a depth of ignorance that makes it impossible for me to think farther. My duties nearest to me are in this life, and I am willing to leave my future in the hands of God."

He once wrote a short tract, "The Faith of a Unitarian Layman," which was printed by the Western Unitarian Conference and widely circulated. But I cannot quote from it here. At the end of his story of himself, in his seventy-third year, he asks, and one feels how often the question was on his mind, "Where do I now stand religiously?" and answers, "I am a Unitarian in the broadest sense of the word. I believe in one God, whose body includes every particle of matter in the universe and whose soul is the life of all life. I believe in one life kinship, which includes man and all animal and vegetable life. I believe in one human brotherhood, which includes all mankind. I believe that the highest good of each is inseparable from the good of all. I believe in one church creed, which is love exhibited by beneficence. I believe that the strongest power on earth or in heaven is love. As to what may befall me beyond the grave, I leave that all to God, with this short prayer: 'Let me love; let me be loved; and let me advance.'"

So far had this "pilgrim of the Infinite" fared on from his old belief in a personal Devil and an endless hell, of which he never spoke but with the shudder of one who, as Dante has it,

> "with distressful breath,
> Forth issued from the sea upon the shore,
> Turns to the water perilous and gazes."

Thanks be to God for all his saints! And not least for such humble and holy men of heart as this man. It lifts and consecrates our life that he walked his brave and steadfast way among us. It hallows this church that here he found his constant inspiration. It renews our faith in man and God that he realized in plainest ways before our daily sight the heaven on earth that waits for those who find and practise the open secret of love. I have told, largely in his own words, the story of his life, and it is a sermon. Could any of us ask that our life should be more?

For Safe Railroad Travel

The horror which has encompassed the country for many months now, in presence of the unparalleled and long-continued series of railroad disasters, has at last been broken by a ray of light. So appalling have been the accidents, so numerous, so apparently hopeless of control, that the people stood aghast and hardly dared hope for any remedial action.

But the great railroads have not despaired, and the Northwestern has just completed a remarkable demonstration showing what can be done in the way of educating enginemen to obey block signals. "During the year 1906," we are told, "the company made a series of surprise tests numbering 1,625, and the record shows there was not a single failure to obey the signals and to observe the rules governing the signaling." This record is magnificent and proves there is a way to eliminate a large class of disasters from the terrible recent records of the roads. Collisions have been among the most common causes of wrecks, and with a good block system mercilessly enforced these can be absolutely put from the list. But this can be done only by a wise and fearless management, which listens to no excuse for disobeying orders, but enforces discipline utterly without fear or favor. The Northwestern discharged many good men who had fallen short of literal and exact obedience during its recent tests.

The block system has not been strictly administered heretofore, and has failed. It will continue to fail wherever there is the slightest laxity in its enforcement. If two trains are ever allowed on a block at the same time there is a high bid for a collision. Train crews must have no option in the matter. "Carelessness has become so insane," it is said, "during the tremendous rush of traffic the past year that two, and even three, trains have been allowed on the same block." And an unprecedented number of heartrending collisions have shocked the world. There is a great deal of railroad legislation threatened throughout the country the present winter. Let that making travel more safe be first considered. A compulsory block system should be the first step, with severe penalties, for breaking its provisions. After we have achieved this there is still a large class of accidents which must be considered, and one cause so prolific of disasters and so easily remedied as the open switch should be blotted from the category.

Pure and unadulterated carelessness should be the verdict in every such case. This carelessness is caused often, I am told, by lack of men to attend the switches. Enough men for safety must be the new watchword. We are told that it was given out plainly by the management of the Northwestern that failure to obey signals meant dismissal from the service. They achieved a splendid discipline on these roads by firmness and impartiality. They deserve great praise. Let other roads now beat their record if they can.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Columbus, Wis.

THE STUDY TABLE

Out of the Heart*

The seers are agreed that if the poet is to touch the hearts of men he must look into his own heart for his inspiration. Out of the heart are the issues of life, in a forceful sense,—in a many-sided sense! Till one has known and borne, till one has felt and proved, till one has striven and conquered; till one has loftily aspired and, through experience, met or found or made simple satisfactions, which always are the only satisfying satisfactions,—the satisfactions the Great Mother holds always out to her children in hill-top and ocean-side and starry heavens and rain-music and grass-strength and tree-courage and brother-love, —till then, a writer's writings are words. But after! —they are sky-winged, balm-laden, lightning-shod, dew-refreshing, field-blossomy, soul-reviving.

Some writers find a short passage to all this,—short because, perhaps, much has been crowded for them into short span. The darts have been keen and have pierced quickly; the soul has been keen and has responded quickly; the sight has been keen and has seen quickly;—experience springs up a fountain of life, watering the earth, and thirsty souls drink and are made glad. Somewhat thus, it seems to the present reviewer, must it have been with the writer of the small volume here noticed. For he cannot yet be other than young, though his sight is old and his experience deep. And now, buoyant in his Mother's care, and loving her as all her darlings should, he sings in part for bravery but more in trust and gratitude, and is himself cheered while cheering others. Having himself felt need, and experienced the folly of creed, the futility of authority and tradition, he cries out,—

"Come from caverns of your sordid hope,
Your meagre thought, ye pallid folk, with me!
Come! let us live upon the windward slope,
Come! let us look, magnanimous and free!
Come! where the mountains neighbor on the sea,
Come! where the sunshine gilds eternity!"

Having seen the artifice and the "gilding" in much that men of modern taste hold tenderly, having himself known the meretricious, he dares even to counsel fellow-singers:

"O be bold, be free!
Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
Tear from your windows all the silk and lace!
And stand, man, woman, on the slope by me,
O once again before the universe,
O once again with Nature face to face!"

When the clouds were on, and he groped, he must perforce for a season bewail: there was no longer hope:

"Ah, new dawns shall come,
New eves shall follow; but it is my grief
Of dawns, of eves, to have attained the sum
In love and vision: in mine unbelief
I leave God's house, like Zacharias, dumb,
Nor hold, as he, God's promise of relief."

But the wrong of the world shall pass, it is but temporal; darkness shall flee and light appear; men and women shall be brave and true; even the solitary thinker and high worker shall be justified of his thinking and working:

" 'Tis well to know that (spite of death and dearth
And evil men in cities plotting ill
And friends that leave us when our thoughts are new)
The good man may abide with Mother Earth
And dream his dreams and have his visions still,
And trust the Infinite to see him through."

Happy, that Man now begins to recognize himself as an individual! No longer shall he be upheld by others, or by creeds or church or gods; nor dethroned from his kingly own by others, or by unbelief, or by devils—lesser gods. In the universe, and fronting the universe, he is one—himself; and in himself is triumph or defeat.

"The Eternal Law
Works in all regions, bringing light and dark.
It works in me. It makes in me an end
Even of the woe which it before had wrought,
And leads me to the springs beyond the mount,
Beyond all populous cities, where each man
Must flee when he is lost—and in myself
I find at last the rod which strikes the rocks
Of living waters—
I have all wealth within me: I will look.
And I have that within me which shall build
Even from the fragments of dead hopes a house
Where I may dwell as I grow more a god."

Seventy or more brief pieces compose this thin book,—many of the pieces but sonnet-length,—but the book has spiritual dimensions which, notwithstanding its physical leanness, eat up a hundred of such Pharaoh's kine as commonly graze on the river-banks where modern verse-lovers wander seeking. It is an unaffected delight, with this book in hand, to go up with the poet, as once in weariness he himself went, to the housetop "to see," and to behold with him "the starry vision of the flaming wall":

"By chastening sorrow rendered fit and wise
My utter dearth gave me immortal eyes,
And when night broke the day's blue dome, I passed
Coeval, outward where eternity
Fills her long coasts with winds than ours more vast
And radiance whiter than the polar sea."

Is not this real poetry? Have we not here a real poet? At any rate, it is a book that seems "worth while"—because it is alive! W.

*Sonnets and Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. Sent by the author for $1. Address, Madison, Wis.

Correspondence

Editor of UNITY, Chicago.

Dear Sir: May I claim space for a correction? In your generous notice in your issue of the 24th inst. of my book, "The New Appreciation of the Bible," you class me as an "orthodox" minister, "a busy pastor of a so-called orthodox church." But I am a Universalist minister, pastor of the Church of the Mediator, Providence, and of the First Universalist Church," Valley Falls, R. I. The mistake has arisen and has been widely published in consequence of the error made by the Associated Press dispatch sent out from Chicago about the first of the month, which reported me as "pastor of the First Baptist Church, Providence, R. I." In justice to our Baptist friends, as well as to myself and the Universalists, I shall be glad to have the mistake corrected.

Of my first book, "The Spiritual Outlook," UNITY was kind enough to say, among other things, this:

"In a truly catholic spirit the author surveys the present condition of the religious field, and puts his finger almost intuitively on the real good to be found in the various religious sects. * * * It is a good thing to find a man who does not think the world is going to the devil."—UNITY, *Chicago.*

I deeply appreciate such a commendation.

Of course I have not written my books as a Universalist, yet I suppose I might not have been able to write them except for the influence of Universalism and Unitarianism. But I am far from being a sectarian or a dogmatist of any sort. I am simply trying to do what you so wisely point out, in the sermon of this same issue of UNITY, as the great need today,—"the work of the minister is to be a mediator between the college and university on the one hand, and the millions of the American people on the other hand."

Very sincerely yours, WILLARD C. SELLECK.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

A Chapter on Church Unity

The above is the title of a suggestive editorial in the *Congregationalist* of last week, which we reproduce entire, and follow it with selections from another article which is entitled "The Confession of Faith," but which is really a contribution to the solution of the problem of church unity. The day is not far distant when every Congregational church, and we hope every other church, will hold its creeds as monuments and mile posts rather than as norms of truth or religious scales or goals of endeavor. This is the only abiding thing a creed can be in a world where knowledge grows from day to day, and the spirit of the infinite Father leads ever into more truth. C. A. O.

A CHAPTER ON CHURCH UNITY

During nearly forty-five years the movement for the union of the Presbyterian churches in Scotland has been in progress, though the terms of union were finally settled only near the end of last year. Principal Robert Rainy, whose death in Australia we have chronicled, was appointed in 1863 on the committee to bring into one body the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church. He took up the work with great energy and enthusiasm, wrote pamphlets, addressed meetings up and down the country, edited a newspaper and in many ways labored to educate public opinion. But the opponents of union, though even then in the minority, were so strong against it that if it had been voted in the assembly it would have caused another disruption. Professor Rainy, as the leader of the union movement, deemed it wise to end the negotiations after ten years of work, in 1873. For more than twenty years he bided his time, while the bitterest opponents were "called home," one by one, and others were persuaded to take kindlier views. The history of those years shows that the leader was quietly, constantly promoting a process of education in the matter he had at heart by articles published, lectures and acts of the Assembly calculated to promote friendship between the churches. In 1895 negotiations were reopened. Four years later the principle of union was approved and the next year the Act of Union was adopted by the Assembly, the minority having been reduced to a handful, and the two churches became one. Then followed the secession of the few Anti-Unionists, who became known as the Wee Frees, and the case was carried to the law courts and the decision given that they held the title to the property of the United Free Church. The struggle following the disastrous decision is familiar to our readers, but before Principal Rainy sailed for Australia last October he knew that Parliament had, through its commission, restored to the Free Church the principal possessions of which it had been deprived. Here was consummated a great victory of patience, wisdom and Christian love. The lesson will not be lost on Congregationalists in this country. We believe that the union with Methodist Protestants and United Brethren, if it can be accomplished with harmony among all these denominations, will be a notable advance in the progress of Christ's kingdom. If it cannot be done this year we are ready to wait and work till the time is ripe for it to be brought about with the approval of all concerned.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

All true Christians have the same ideal, Jesus Christ. They have the same aim—to reproduce that ideal in their own lives. They have the same object in uniting together in a church—to help one another to live the life of Christ in this world and to win others so to live. Why, then, are so many churches required in order to give Christians opportunity to unite together, and why are there so many persons who strive in some degree to live the Christ-life who have not united with any church?

The answer to this question is that those who seek likeness to the same object of loyalty and affection differ as to the ways by which they may attain the object. The ways which each Christian prefers sometimes bulk larger in his eyes than the object he is seeking. The confession of faith in Jesus Christ is the common confession of his disciples. Avowals of ways to attain to likeness to Christ are differing confessions of different sects.

Congregationalists during the last century and more have cherished tenaciously the latter kind of confessions of faith. They have put forth from time to time doctrinal confessions by which they distinguished themselves from other denominations. Yet they have maintained so strongly the independence of the local church that they never as a body have insisted that acceptance of these confessions should be required of the churches. Each church has prepared for itself its own creed and other churches on receiving it into fellowship have only passed on the general harmony of its creed with the historic confessions of acknowledged weight among Congregationalists.

Many of our churches during the last decade have revised their creeds, usually in the direction of greater brevity and less definite affirmation of particular doctrines on which Christians used to differ. We have not known of any instance in which a church changing its creed has been called to account by the conference of churches of which it is a member. These churches realize that their bond of union consists in their common aim to follow their one Lord and their common work in serving him, and that this union may be vital without agreement on details of belief as to way of reaching the same goal.

We frequently receive inquiries as to what creeds are to be recommended, and what are the most acceptable ones recently adopted by churches. Our first National Council, in 1865, declared its desire to extend "to all believers the hand of Christian fellowship upon the basis of those great fundamental truths in which all Christians should agree." It is safe for the local church to follow that declared usage of the denomination and receive persons into membership on a simple covenant of loyalty to Jesus Christ and of brotherhood upon the basis of the great fundamental truths in which all Christians now agree.

The Message of the Moss

Meek moss, that liest with patient folded hands
And upturned face upon the rock's hard breast,
In somber shades thy hidden beauty drest—
Dost feel the throbbings of that primal life
That made the barren stone a fruitful womb
For moisture-quickened seed? Dost feel?

Dost know by whose decree thou liest there—
Forever on an unrelenting bed,
Forever needing silently to cling,
Forever crushed by ruthless human feet
Which revel in the joy thou givest them
Nor think their weight thy doom—dost know?

Perhaps thy lowly place high privilege holds;
Some secret bond between thy rock and thee,
Some joy in being fed by wind and rain
And shelt'ring with thy life more fragile bloom;
Some high reward in pleasuring the eye
That rests upon thy verdancy.

Perhaps the Power that stirred thee unto life
And bade thee live—though crushed, yet still to live—
A potent Will, in smallest wish benign,
Made living thus its own great recompense.
Perhaps thy spirit, regal in its strength,
Fulfills its destiny—and yearns.

Fair type art thou of one mysterious phase
Of frail humanity's earth-bounded life.
We scarcely feel the God-thrill through the rock;
We fondly guess the purpose unrevealed.
We blindly grope and cling each unto each
And all, with steadfast hope, to life.

Yet fathomless the heights above us rise.
And in the joys and ministries of love,
In dauntless courage triumphing o'er pain,
In tireless will to learn, to live the truth,—
In God-begotten attributes like these
We live the eternal, whole, abundant life.

EDITH B. ORDWAY.

A Real Newspaper

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed hand-bills containing the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder, git commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been colleged, and write like the Kippling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday, Number first."—*Bangkok Times.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Modern Journalism.

Those of us who rejoice in the rising standard of ethics in journalism have been sorely tried the past week or two and even been forced to ask whither "the power of the press" is driving. If one were to judge by the amount of space given over to the matter about the most important event in the world's history just now is the murder trial of a dissolute son of a wealthy Pennsylvania family. To be sure, it is interesting to know whether it is possible for a rich murderer to be given a fair trial—whether justice is possible in the face of a million dollars—but the publication of all the details of this revolting case with large portraits of all the prisoner's family and relatives, is a sad commentary on the character of the daily newspaper.

Report on Standard Oil.

It was a plain statement of facts the Interstate Commerce Commission sent to Congress last week. The Standard Oil Company is declared to be a "monopoly" aided and built up by the railroads, a "distinct part of whose policy, systematically and persistently pursued, has been the ruin of its competitors." Whether it be called "paternalism" or "socialism" in government or whether it is an "addition to the constitution," as some critics of the present administration seem to think, it will none the less be a glad day in this nation when the fundamental principles of ethics are made obligatory in all business and social life; when no man and no company of men will be rich enough or potent enough to ruin competitors by unrighteousness and murderous methods. The "square deal" in business and politics, equal justice before the law for high and low, rich and poor—these things at least our government must guarantee to its citizens or its future will inevitably spell ruin.

The Beauties of Business.

A young man of thirty, a native of Sweden, did a little business in cotton seed oil in the last few months; bought up the available supply and forced the price from 33 cents to 50 cents a gallon. Last week he settled with his "friends" on the Board of Trade, receiving their checks for something over a million dollars, as his profit. Of course he never handled any of the oil, had no use for it, and no customers for it, but there were people who had it to sell and other people ready to buy. He accommodated them, "cornered" the market and made a million. That's "business," but what is gambling?

The Traction Referendum.

As much more than the requisite number of names were secured on the petitions to the Council to submit the traction ordinances to popular vote it seems likely the whole matter will now be submitted to the people. Of course this means more or less delay, very possibly more. To the man now on the Watch Tower the principle of referendum seems admirable. We believe in democracy; by mistakes and blunders the demos will come to its own. But loyalty to this principle and this faith does not compel the submission of all expert questions to popular vote. The only way to deal with the problems of health and hygiene and to provide against epidemics is to entrust these matters to a Board of Health, a company of medical experts, and then *hold them responsible.* The people ought to decide whether a Board of Health is qualified and faithful to its duty. The people ought to decide whether hanging onto the straps in cold cars is good street car service, but how many of us are qualified to vote intelligently and wisely on the traction ordinances? And when we vote will expert testimony or the petifogging politician sway and rule our decision? Principles are easy to debate, but "practical politics" are not so easy to discuss.

Recent Deaths.

The sudden demise on Jan. 28 of Professor W. S. Jackman, head of the Chicago University Elementary School, closed the career of a very strong man, a capable educator and a pioneer in important educational fields. On Feb. 2 Prof. Dimitri Mendeleen died in St. Petersburg. He was a geologist and philosopher of some note, but he was chiefly noted as one of the world's great chemists. Three elements, gallium, scandium and germanium, were discovered by him. On Feb. 1 occurred the death of Capt. Arthur Jackman, a well-known arctic navigator, the captain of the ship in Commander Robt. E. Peary's first expedition to the north pole (1886) and the same date Dr. Jose Rodriguez, international lawyer and author, died in Washington. The latter was a native of Havana; for several years he has been chief translator for the international bureau of American republics.

Fire in Harrisburg, Pa.

The month of February was ushered in at Harrisburg, Pa., with a great fire that swept the business district and overwhelmed many of the largest buildings. Just the extent of the loss has not, at this writing, been computed, but it will surely be large. Apparently no lives were sacrificed by the disaster.

The Kingston Incident

Was officially "closed," but the Navy Department and President Roosevelt last week expressed warm commendation of the entire action of Admiral Davis, and, on the other hand, it is manifest that England will dismiss Governor Swettenham without honor. Just how the inhumanity of an English lord will be properly condemned does not yet appear, but the whole incident has not contradicted the truth that "blood is thicker than water" or proved "English friendship a hollow mockery." "Alas for the day when there are no hypocrits," said Sainte Beuve. America will judge England by her men and women, not by her snobs and tin soldiers.

Automobile Is King.

The automobile show just opened in Chicago seems to justify the supremacy of the auto-car as to popular interest and investment in the mechanical field. The number of machines on exhibition, the amount of money invested in their manufacture, the rapidity with which their use has increased, the range and scope of the motor-car enterprise, and lastly, but by no means least, the frantic rush of men and women, carriages and teams, from streets and highways, all this reveals that auto is king! It may be, however, that the common people still have life to assert their rights to the street crossings and highways in such form that even the king will listen. Is it too much to expect that we may have a law in this country at least equal to the one in force in poor "quaking," Swettenham'd Jamaica? The *Outlook* reports their law as follows: "No person shall drive a motor-car on a public highway recklessly, or negligently, or at a speed or in a manner which is dangerous to the public." This is a sorely needed statute—to be enforced—in Chicago.

Japanese Problem Not Solved.

Of course the scare head lines in yellow journals have convinced very few that war with Japan is a possibility. On the other hand it is true the situation is far more serious than many Californians seem to think. The *sangfroid* with which San Francisco says "this is our business and the administration at Washington may keep out," shows an utter misconception of the matter. Japan has very definitely inquired whether this government will make good its treaty promises and treat her citizens as she believes they ought to be treated. Her contention seems to be just, but whether it is or not it is a problem with which the nation must deal, and the President and even the forces of the United States are definite and inevitable factors in that problem. If this nation has not authority to enforce its treaty agreements with a foreign power, in every state and city in the nation, then the Federal power must be strengthened or war will come.

Another Episcopal "Heretic."

Rev. George Clark Cox, the rector of Calvary Church, in Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio, tendered his resignation to his vestry February 1 and the same was unanimously accepted. This action was due to the letter of Bishop Boyd Vincent, written in reply to the open letter of Mr. Cox, in which he denied his belief in the "Immaculate Conception," "bodily resurrection" and other doctrines. If all ministers are to be excluded from the Episcopal Church who do not hold to the old theology they will be able to write a fitting epitaph for the tombstone of this historic church.

Resignation of Professor James.

The resignation of Prof. William James from his chair in Harvard College deserves notice, both because of what this profound thinker and brilliant writer has accomplished and also because of what we may expect from him in the larger leisure now available. An honest, earnest, independent and fearless student of truth, a master in the science of thinking and the art of expression, he is the type of our best and most needed pathfinders and prophets.

C. A. O.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—No action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God.
MON.—Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it.
TUES.—Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest and admiration.
WED.—Culture seeks to make the best that has been known and thought—the world current everywhere.
THURS.—The great thing is to find our *best* self, and to seek to affirm nothing but that.
FRI.—We have gone manfully, according to the best light we have; but we have not taken enough care that this should be really the best light possible for us, that it should not be darkness.
SAT.—Without order there can be no society and without society there can be no human perfection.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Hush-a-By Land

O, Hush-a-By Land is a beautiful place
For sleepy small people to go,
And the Rock-a-By Route is the favorite one
With a certain wee laddie I know.
The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down,
No accidents ever take place;
Though there's only one track, there is only one train,
But it runs at a wonderful pace.
There are beautiful things to be seen on this route,
If you're good you may take just a peep;
But, strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams,
So be sure that you soon go to sleep.
Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to bed, too—
He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up the cars
As you travel to Hush-a-By Land.
So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off,
You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury, laddie, you'll have—
A whole sleeping car to yourself!

—*New York Post.*

A Lesson that Failed

Three rollicking, hatless young girls peered into the crowded "bus." "Room? Of course there's room!" one of them cried, at the top of her voice. "You hop in and stand up, Sally and Peg, and I'll climb up here with the driver. More ways than one to kill a cat, and we've got to go in this bus or miss our dinner at the hotel."

The passengers shrunk into themselves as the two girls wedged their way in, and away the bus clattered down the village street with its load of "resorters," most of whom had been spending a morning on the beach, and were on their way back to the summer hotel.

Immediately the girl seated with the driver began a giggling conversation with her friends inside the bus, shouting questions and answers through the small front window, while everybody else within subsided into enforced silence.

The faces of the listening passengers were a study. Some were amused; some disgusted. One—that of a middle-aged, refined-looking lady with twinkling eyes—changed gradually from annoyance to determination. Then she turned to a gentle woman beside her, and in strident, ear-splitting tones, called out:

"Say, Mary, I'm real glad we went down on the beach this morning, aren't you? 'Twas so lovely there! You must write Henry all about it. We'll go again tomorrow. And Robby got quite sunburned, didn't he? Just look at those freckles on his nose!"

The last was screamed in crescendo, and sunburned Robby, from across the bus, gazed with bulging eyes and open mouth at his lady aunt. Never in his life had he heard tones like this from her lips. "Mary," too, seemed dumb with astonishment. The startling lesson, coming without warning, stunned her, and instead of realizing that she was expected to help it along by shouting back an answer, she simply stared.

In the aisle, the noisy gigglers, their own voices silenced for the instant by this piercing new one, stared, too, unconscious of the lesson intended. With a jerk the bus drew up in front of the hotel.—*Youth's Companion.*

Jean Francois Millet

(*Continued from last issue.*)

When supper was ready, the guests were served first. The children grumbled at this. "Have patience," said the grandmother. "These people are cold and wet. Let them dry themselves and have their supper. You have nothing to complain of."

François went to school with his brothers and sisters. He spent much of his time drawing. He made capital letters and pictures in his copy book. He even drew pictures on his little wooden shoes. At home he covered the wall and floor with sketches. The neighbors often came in to see his work.

Once the father asked the children what they would like to do when they grew up. "I mean to make pictures of men," answered François.

Jean François was the eldest boy in the family. He could not go to school all the time. He had to help his father. How tired he became as he raked the hay in the hot sun! It seemed that the long day would never come to a close.

Sometimes François and his father ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree. They talked together of the beauties around them. Taking a blade or two of grass in his hand, the father would say, "See how fine these are!" Pointing to a tree he would say, "How strong and beautiful that is!"

One day little François stood at his father's side. They were watching the setting sun sink into the waves. The western sky was all aglow with purple and deep crimson. Great bars of golden light were stretched across the horizon. The boy felt the glory of the scene. The father lifted his hat and bowed his head, saying gravely, "My son, it is God." The boy never forgot that word.

François' father used to lead the choir in the little village church. He had a good voice. He taught the choir very well. People from the country all around came to hear him sing. François' writing was large and clear. It made him proud to be allowed to make copies of the music for his father.

François spent much of his time with his Uncle Charles, a priest. This good man lived with the Millets, and often helped with the work. He sowed and reaped, mowed grass, and made hay. When there was plowing or other work to be done, he tucked his priest's gown up around his waist. He put his prayer book into his pocket. Then away he would go, singing as he worked.

The Millet children liked to be with their uncle in the fields. They trudged along after him in the broad furrows as he plowed. Sometimes they spent a whole day carrying stones. These were to build a wall around the family land. In the evening Uncle Charles taught François and his brother to read. When Jean François was seven years old the good uncle died.

The school children were taught the Bible by the village priest. Little François' answers were much more thoughtful than the answers of the others. The priest noticed this. He offered to teach him Latin. "If you know Latin, you might become a priest or a doctor," he said.

(*To be continued.*)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY | UNITY | ESTABLISHED 1878

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

APROPOS OF THE PEACE MOVEMENT.—Among the interesting collection of Christmas wishes I quoted from a few weeks ago was one from a certain physician of Paris to this effect:

"My wish is that man may cease to be treated worse than the brute; that each day may bring him the bread he needs in order to live; that sight may be restored to the blind, particularly to those determined not to see."

Just what this French doctor had in mind when he penned these words I do not know, but the triple wish might not be altogether amiss as text for some reflections on the peace movement.

There are many things in the air just now to make the thoughtful and earnest alert and open-eyed toward everything bearing upon the subject of international peace. On the one hand the Jamestown Exposition, with its reactionary program sprung upon an unsuspecting people, naturally peace-loving, but also possessed of a certain youthful enthusiasm for doing big things that too easily leads it to out-Herod Herod when this streak of national vanity is skilfully appealed to. On the other hand, the coming Hague Conference, with all its pregnant possibilities for the welfare of humanity, and the magnificent part that America might play there. In the face of these opposing opportunities how one longs for the giving of sight to those who *will* not see! To those who, dazzled by the inherently un-American Jamestown program, say with a shrug, "Oh, I'd just as soon see the show," and cannot perceive how this attitude belies the ideals that make us really great, and must weaken our influence with the older powers, even though our scholars and thinkers, our prophets and poets, and even our far-sighted leaders work for peace!

Twice within as many months I have been told that the churches care little about peace, that the peace cause has little to hope for in the way of support from church or clergy. That there is some ground for so pessimistic an utterance, I myself have reason to know. Some time last fall the president of the Chicago Peace Society, Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, issued a letter, which was sent to 280 ministers in Chicago asking them to devote either the morning or evening service on a given Sunday, to the subject of international peace and to send $1 only, of the collection there taken up, with the name of some member of the church interested in the peace movement to the acting treasurer of the Chicago Peace Society for enrolment. That in response to this appeal some excellent peace services were held in different parts of the city is true, but I would not like to tell how meager were the results as regards the membership of the Peace Society.

On the other hand, it is not in the daily press but in so distinctively religious a paper as the *Christian Herald*, that I find the newly formed New York Peace Society noted as follows:

"On Sunday, January 6, a new Peace Society began its active work among the churches of Greater New York. The organization is called the Peace Society of the City of New York. Its president is Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

"Among its vice-presidents are Dr. Lyman Abbott, Hon H. O. Strauss, Dr. H. M. McCracken, Messrs. R. C. Ogden, G. H. Putnam and W. J. Schieffelin. Many other prominent men are identified with this movement. The plan is to conduct a campaign of education, and to form public sentiment in favor of universal peace and arbitration. The strongest speakers and writers will be engaged in this work.

Where is Chicago at this time when so much of this educative work is to be done? Is she willing to be left hopelessly behind in this great world movement? We cannot believe it. She already has a Peace Society, though just now much crippled by the invalidism and otherwise enforced absence of several of its officers. A strong effort is to be made in the immediate future to remove this handicap.

The present week will see in our midst two of the strongest American peace workers along both national and international lines. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, who has been visiting Cleveland, St. Louis, Milwaukee and other western cities in the interest of the peace cause, will be in Chicago February 4-10. His wife, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, not less widely known for her activity in behalf of this and other prophetic causes, will be here for a week or ten days longer. There will be various opportunities to hear them both on the causes they represent, but the occasion that interests us most is the meeting called by the Chicago Peace Society at Hull House next Sunday afternoon, February 10, at 3 o'clock. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will preside. There will be addresses by both Mr. and Mrs. Mead and it is earnestly hoped that not merely already convinced adherents of the peace cause will be present, but that many who doubt the practicability of the movement will come to hear what these two very careful students of international questions may have to say. There will be an election of officers for the Chicago Peace Society, an opportunity for the enrolment of new members and, if possible, some formulating of plans for more active coöperation with the recently formed Peace Society of New York and the American Peace Society, with which we are already affiliated. Let every Chicagoan who reads this announcement consider himself, or herself, personally invited.

In closing these notes let me give you a quotation from a gruesome but forcefully illustrative publication on war, issued by the Free Age Press, Christchurch, Hants. The citation is from the French author, Maupassant, and is as follows:

"A murderer of genius—Von Moltke—once spoke the following terrible words: 'War is sacred and instituted by God; it is one of the divine laws of the world; it upholds in men all great and noble feelings—honor, self-sacrifice, virtue and courage. War alone saves men from sinking into the grossest materialism.'

"To assemble in herds by hundreds of thousands; to march day and night without rest, without any time to think or to read or to study, without being the slightest use to any living being, wallowing in filth, sleeping in the mud, living as brute animals, in a continuous state of stupefaction; to pillage towns, to burn villages, to ruin populations; to meet other heaps of human flesh, and to fall upon them and shed rivers of blood, to cover the fields with crushed and torn bodies, stained with filth and bloody earth, to have one's brains blown out, or to lose one's arms and legs, and die like a dog in some ditch without doing service to any human being, while your old father and mother, your wife and children are dying of hunger at home—that is called not sinking into the grossest materialism!

"Soldiers are the greatest calamity of the world. We fight with nature and ignorance in order to make our miserable lives a little more endurable. Men of learning devote their lives to toil, in the hope of finding some means of helping their brothers and improving their condition. They labor incessantly, adding discovery to discovery, they open new fields to human intelligence, they expand the limits of science, day by day they give new knowledge and increase the welfare, comfort and strength of populations.

"Then comes war. In six months generals destroy all that was created by twenty years' labor, patience and thought. That is called not sinking into the grossest materialism!

"We have seen war. We have seen men become brutes once more. We have seen them kill, like frenzied maniacs, for pleasure, for fear, for display. We have seen them freed from the restraint of law and justice, shooting innocent

men on the high road because their terror excited suspicion. We have seen them kill dogs, chained to their master's doors, just to try a new revolver. We have seen cows lying in the fields, killed without the slightest necessity, just for the fun of shooting. That is called not sinking into the grossest materialism!

"To invade a country, to murder a man who defends his home because he is dressed in a blouse and not in a military uniform, to burn the houses of the poor who are dying of hunger, to destroy and plunder household property, to drink the wine of other men's cellars, to violate women in the streets, to burn millions of francs' worth of powder, and to leave behind misery, ruin and disease—that is called not falling into the grossest materialism!" M. E. H.

PERSONAL.—The transference of Rev. Alfred W. Martin from the ministry of the First Free Church, of Seattle, to be an associate of the growing work of Dr. Felix Adler in New York City, is under discussion. It will be a sad day for Seattle, Tacoma and the great new West when this vital preacher of a virile faith is withdrawn. But Mr. Martin will be a contribution to the higher life of the nation wherever he may speak. What will be Washington's loss will be New York's gain.

Mr. and Mrs. William Salter have taken up their residence at the Henry Booth House in Chicago and Mr. Salter finds that "heaven is as near in the ninth ward as it is in the seventh"; that is, in the river district as it is under the shadow of the University of Chicago. We predict that Mr. Salter will not only find the joys of life unabated but the efficiency of his ministry greatly augmented. There is an immense loss of energy when the minister tries to do his work at long range. He is subject to the law of spiritual dynamics, which affects all workers. Let more ministers live with their tasks and their tasks will become joys, such as come only with efficiency.

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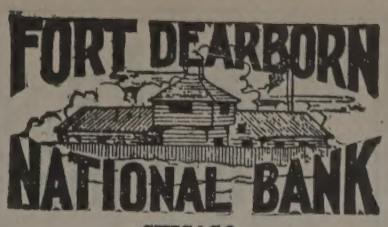

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Report at Close of Business, January 26th, 1907.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	$ 6,871,5[illegible]
Overdrafts	1,471.09
United States Bonds, par value,	1,000,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	25,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities	1,048,925.00
Real Estate	4,000.00
Due from United States Treasurer	50,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,576,587.26
	$13,077,478.35

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock paid in	$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus	200,000.00
Undivided Profits	160,144.63
Circulation	984 700.00
Dividends Unpaid	39.00
Deposits	10,732,594.72
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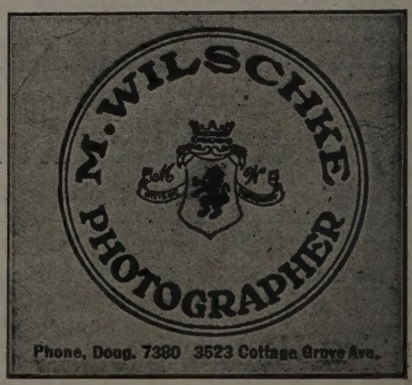

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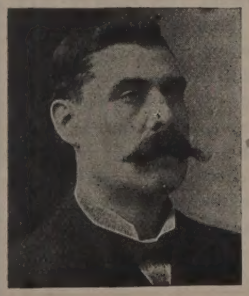

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